

The sad-ey'd Justice with his surly humme,  
Delivering ore to Executors pale  
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,  
That many things hauing full reference  
To one consent, may worke contrariouly,  
As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes  
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,  
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;  
As many Lynes close in the Dials center:  
So may a thousand actions once a foote,  
And in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,  
Diuide your happy England into foure,  
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,  
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we with thrice such powers left at home,  
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,  
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose  
The name of hardinesse and policie.

*King.* Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.  
Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe  
And yours, the noble sinewes of our power,  
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,  
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit,  
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,  
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)  
Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,  
Tumbleste, with no remembrance ouer them:  
Either our History shall with full mouth  
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue  
Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,  
Not worshippt with a waxen Epitaph.

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*  
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we heare,  
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.  
*Amb.* May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue  
Freely to render what we haue in charge:  
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off  
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.

*King.* We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,  
Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect  
As is our wretches fettered in our prisons,  
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,  
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

*Amb.* Thus than in few:  
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,  
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right  
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.  
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master  
Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,  
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,  
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:  
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there,  
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit.  
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,  
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime  
Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes.

*King.* What Treasure Vncle?

*Exe.* Tennis ballies, my Liege.

*King.* We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,  
His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:  
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Ballies,  
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,  
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.  
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd  
With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,  
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,  
Not measuring what vse we made of them.  
We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,  
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe  
To barbarous license: As 'tis euer common,  
That men are merriest, when they are from home.  
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,  
Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,  
When I do rowse me in my Throne of France,  
For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,  
And plodded like a man for working dayes:  
But I will rise there with so full a glorie,  
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,  
Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,  
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his  
Hath turn'd his ballies to Gun-stones, and his soule  
Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance  
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widow  
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:  
And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,  
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphin's scoome.  
But this lyes all within the wil of God,  
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name  
Tel you the Dolphin, I am comming on,  
To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.  
So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,  
His test will fauour but of shallow wit,  
When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.  
Concey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

*Exe.* This was a merry Message.  
*King.* We hope to make the Sender blush at it:  
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,  
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:  
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,  
Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse.  
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres  
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,  
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde  
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,  
Wee'l chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.  
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,  
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter Chorus.*  
Now all the Youth of England are on fire,  
And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:  
Now thrue the Armors, and Honors thought  
Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.  
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;  
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,  
With winged heeles, as English *Mercurys*.  
For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,  
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,  
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,  
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.  
The French aduis'd by good intelligence  
Of this most dreadfull preparation,  
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy  
Seeke to diuert the English purposes.  
O England: Modell tarby inward Greatnesse,  
Like little Body with an mightie Heart:

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:  
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,  
A nest of hollow bosomes, which he fills  
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:  
One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second  
Henry Lord Scroope of Malham, and the third  
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,  
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)  
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,  
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.  
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,  
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.  
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest  
Th'abuse of distance; force a play:  
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,  
The King is set from London, and the Scene  
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton.  
There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,  
And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,  
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas  
To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,  
Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.  
But till the King come forth, and not till then,  
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene. *Exit*

*Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.*  
*Bar.* Well met Corporall Nym.  
*Nym.* Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.  
*Bar.* What, are Ancient Pistoll and you friends yet?  
*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little: but when  
time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as  
it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out  
mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will  
ruste Cheele, and it will endure cold, as another mans  
sword will: and there's an end.

*Bar.* I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,  
and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't  
be so good Corporall Nym.

*Nym.* Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the cer-  
taine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe  
as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezous of it.

*Bar.* It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to  
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you  
were troth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men  
may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them  
at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must  
be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee  
will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot  
tell.

*Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.*  
*Bar.* Heere comes Ancient Pistoll and his wife: good  
Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste Pi-  
stoll?

*Pist.* Bafe Tyke, callst thou mee Hoaste, now by this  
hand I sweare I scoone the terme: nor shall my Nel keep  
Lodgers.

*Ho.* No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge  
and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue  
honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee  
thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday  
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adule-  
ry and murder committed.

*Bar.* Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing  
heere.

*Nym.* Pist.

*Pist.* Pist for thee, M  
of Island.

*Ho.* Good Corpor  
vp your sword.

*Nym.* Will you shog

*Pist.* Solus, egreious  
in thy most meruailous fa  
in thy throate, and in thy  
perdy; and which is worl  
do retort the solus in thy  
stols cocke is vp, and flash

*Nym.* I am not Barba  
haue an humor to knocke  
grow fowle with me Pist  
Rapier, as I may, in fayre  
off, I would pricke your  
I may, and that's the humo

*Pist.* O Braggard vile  
The Graue doth gape, and  
Therefore exhale.

*Bar.* Heare me, heare  
the first stroake, Ile run hi  
dier.

*Pist.* An oath of mickle  
Giue me thy fist, thy fore  
are most tall.

*Nym.* I will cut thy th  
termes, that is the humo

*Pistoll.* Couple a gorge,  
gaine. O hound of Creet,  
No, to the spittle goe, an

famy, fetch forth the Laz  
Teare-sheete, the by rane  
will hold the Quondam Q  
Pausa, there's enough to

*Enter*  
*Boy.* Mine Hoast Pist  
ster, and your Hoastesse: H  
Good Bardolfe, put thy fa

the Office of a Warming-  
*Bard.* Away you Roge

*Ho.* By my troth he'l  
of these dayes: the King h  
band come home present

*Bar.* Come, shall I ma  
to France together: why t  
to cut one anothers throa

*Pist.* Let floods ore-fl  
on.

*Nym.* You'l pay meth  
at Betting?

*Pist.* Bafe is the Slaue

*Nym.* That now I wil

*Pist.* As manhood sha

*Bard.* By this sword,

Ile kill him: By this swor

*Pi.* Sword is an Oath;

*Bar.* Coporall Nym, &

and thou wilt not, why th

thee put vp.

*Pist.* A Noble shalt th

Liquor likewise will I g

shall combyne, and brot

*Nym.* Shall liue by me,

ler be vnto the Campe, a

thy hand.